pages that could only amuse children, or new people; other pages to interest old experienced people like us, but which would repel the former and finally others in which he seems to be amusing only some alter ego or other; both children and I cease to listen. Occasionally I feel like pulling his sleeve: Mr. Wells! you are forgetting us! And yet it was for us that you began your story; don't make any mistake about it, we were your best public.

"Milton's whole genius lies therein: he brought the sparkle of the Renaissance into the seriousness of the Reformation, the magnificences of Spenser among the severities of Calvin." (Taine: *English Literature,* Vol. II, p. 415.)

It is improper, it is almost paradoxical, to claim that we owe to Calvinist puritanism the wonderful English school (I mean the school of novelists), for we cannot easily distinguish in them what belongs to upbringing and what belongs to the race, nor to what a degree the former suits the latter. Furthermore, one must consider that, aside from a few very rare exceptions (Thackeray, for instance), it is by escaping from Calvinism, and only by escaping from it and often by turning against it, that those novelists were able to succeed. So that it could be said that if Calvinism helped them it did so as a sort of restraint that curbs and tightens one's strength and makes Joseph de Maistre utter the remark that has been somewhat misused: 'Whatever constricts man strengthens him." This is also because the habit of a certain gloominess, the desire or even the need of finding oneself at fault, and the rejection of the most charming solicitations of life invite them to seek the source of an action and its most secret repercussion rather than what immediately follows it, as do a great many of our novelists.

Thus it is that Calvinism can be an excellent school of psychology, but, let me repeat, on condition that one get away from

it, and if …
(Quote Taine, Vol. II, p. 415.)

J. A. had a frozen mustache as if cosmetics had been invented for him; his hair was of just the right length; and a part that you felt he must have kept while sleeping. His hands were utterly inexpressive, and consequently he put them in his pockets as soon as he spoke. He would then throw his head back and talk loud, and talk alone.

The tone of his voice seemed to say: it's useless to interrupt me; I listen only to myself. The wonderful thing is that a circle always formed around him. People didn't exactly admire him, but all the same he astounded them. His voice hissed a little, for he never took out of his teeth a big cigar or the amber tube that held it; this little hissing sound